

FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

BETTY BROWN SEES DRESS REHEARSAL OF AUTUMN STYLES!



An evening gown in the corsetless effect which is a favorite with Paris. It requires the most careful corseting for its success. This model is in black and silver brocaded satin, with the new one-side draping in black satin.

The new winter coats are strictly "fur-bearing animals"—very furry indeed and voluminous. This handsome coat is of tan Pom Pom with invisible line plaid, and is cuffed and collared with sealskin in a collar which reaches to the hem.

By BETTY BROWN
N. E. A. Expert.

NEW YORK, July 23.—All set for the autumn fashion parade!

Pay no attention to a calendar which insists on August!

Such calendars lack the inside information which permits me to announce that the autumn wardrobe of the well dressed American woman is ready for her approval!

Would you have the latest—and the authentic news? Give ear!

First—by all means—the silhouette!

What shall be the "female form divine" this autumn of 1919?

That's somewhat a matter of speculation.

Paris would emphasize the "so-called" "corsetless gown"—whose deepest need is a most perfect-fitting corset—to prevent its appearing bag-like. For these there is indicated a season of popularity—but, on the other hand, there are also persistent whisperings of new tight waists. The corset makers—who should speak with authority—are "Oh, whisper!" giving their attention to corsets for MEN whose demands are considerable since they discovered how becoming is the close-fitting military uniform!

But—for the ladies the first months of autumn will leave the choice of tight or loose waists to individual taste. It is no longer even necessary to strive for "lines"—for the

new fashion shows our long-cherished lines much cut up—and of many turnings.

The tailored suit—first love of the autumn shopper—is to display a coat of three-quarter length—or even longer. Both French and American models show a decided tendency toward intricate detail such as the panel and box pleat back, the side closing, insets, much braiding, buttons in decorative arrangements; capes, double and even triple capes reaching to the waistline.

About coats? Well—the coats are exceedingly voluminous—and very, very furry! They show a tremendous amount of collar—draped or looped about the shoulders. Great fur col-

lars; or fur in patches or in reverse that carry clear to the coat hem are featured side by side with the small fur "choker." Some show wide panels all fur, both back and front.

As usual the length of the skirts is a battle ground of fierce controversy! Paris still clings to her passion for the extremely abbreviated type—though a few of her discriminating costumers condescend to drop the skirt line from two to four inches as a concession to American taste. American designers seem torn between the short and the long—and the autumn season will show considerable vacillation. On one point all designers are agreed—that skirts must be very narrow—and still narrower at the feet.

the dancing waves. That accursed spot above the U-boat made me shudder.

Tiny was speeding westward with one victim of those malignant pearls. And Chrys was coming eastward, from a final visit to her old home. And she was joyously eager to bend her proud white neck so that Certels could clasp that shining string in place!

The Story Lady

It had been raining all day and Peter had spent the day in the barn with grandpa who was mending harness. They were watching a tiny red ant tugging a grain of wheat across the barn floor.

"That reminds me," said grandpa, "of an experience I had with ants when I was about your age. It was a bitter day in December. My father had gone after a load of wood and had left just two chunks, one small one and one great big one. The little one burned out and my mother and I after a good deal of trouble got the big one in the stove but we couldn't get the door shut."

"Just then a neighbor stopped to get my mother to go see his sick wife. My baby sister was sound asleep in the cradle so my mother decided to leave

me at home with her and promised to be home in an hour.

"I got my favorite fairy story and was wishing I lived in those good old times when there were giants to fight. The fire snapped and sizzled and I looked up to see that the floor was simply alive with huge, black, fuzzy timber ants. I forgot about wanting to fight giants and started to run, then I thought of my baby sister.

"I knew right away where the ants came from. The big old chunk had been hollow and an entire ant colony had taken it for their winter quarters. When they got hot they came swarming out of the end that stuck out of the door.

So, though my legs were shaky, I grabbed up the big dustpan and the broom and began sweeping them up and emptying them back in the stove. They crawled up my hands and legs and stung me and one even got on my face and stung my lip, but I kept on till the last ant was sizzling on the fire.

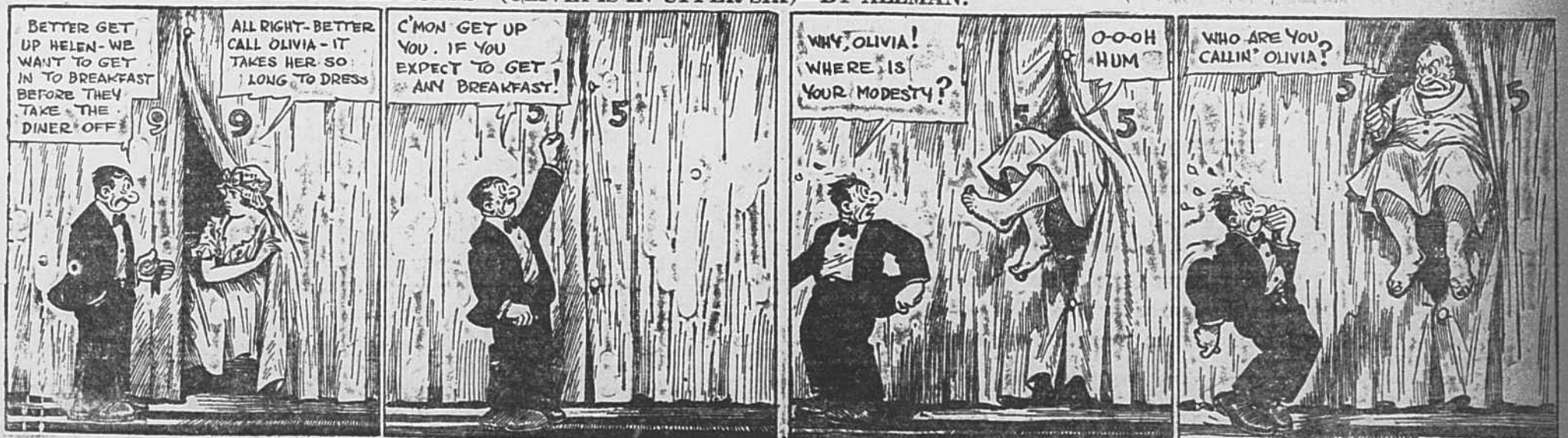
"When my mother came home I was pretty well swelled up but she praised and petted me till I felt as if I had killed a dozen giants."

—Helen Carpenter Moore.

The Daily Short Story

Will be found on
Page Three

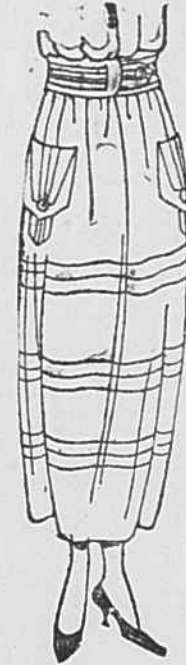
DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(OLIVIA IS IN UPPER SIX)—BY ALLMAN.



July Clearing Sales

Dozens of Delightful Skirts

Are Featured at Savings of 1/4



FOR richness of materials, exquisite fashioning and excellence of workmanship Silk Skirts offered in this sale take precedence over any we ever have shown. Beautiful Georgette, Faille Silk, Crepe de Chine, Tricolette and Baronet Satin in white, flesh and tea rose are the fabrics; they are graced by trimmings of tucks, embroidery, buttons, the new strap effect above the hem and with novel pockets. Reductions are one-fourth or more.

Two Remarkable Skirt Offerings

For girls and misses we offer one lot of desirable pleated Plaid Serge Skirts of good quality regularly sold for \$5.00 but now reduced to

\$2.50

One full rack of Skirts in plain, checked, striped and plaid Silks and in plain blue, black and gray Serge formerly priced at \$7.50 reduced to

\$3.95

Osgood's
for
Quality

Many are the Bargains in Hats, Suits, Sweaters, Frocks, Waists, Hosiery During this Annual Sale.

ROMANCES of a SUMMER GIRL

By ZOE BECKLEY
(Copyright, 1919, N. E. A.)

(Dorothy, aged 26, is spending the summer at Lively Beach, having staked her job and \$500 savings on the chance of winning a suitable husband during the summer. These are her letters home to Joan, her chum.)

THE WAR-LION.

No. 3.

At the Inn, Saturday.

Thank heaven, Joan Darling, I am still young enough to look crisp despite a sleepless night! Not that I wanted to sleep particularly. Waking dreams are often sweetest. So I lay there with moonlight streaming across the water and over the creamy sand and through my window and over my bed, while imagination made melodrama in my mind.

I saw the monstrous workings of war. With Eric Wallis I passed through its hundred hells. And with him I finally came back to normal life again, where people live and move in peaceful occupations and actually know what laughter is, and small talk, and pretty pleasures.

I understand as never before the reluctance of the thinking soldier to "talk war." Above all, I want to help him forget. I want to lead his thoughts toward LIFE.

This, Joan, I find to be the aim not only of myself but of everybody else at the hotel. Men, women and children have banded together with the one apparent purpose of diverting my warrior if not actually capturing and binding him with chains of flowers!

Rich, self-important business men corral him in porch corners.

"How're you fixed, Cap'n?" I hear them ask. "Found your niche, old man, in the workaday? Got your civil career mapped and charted? Because if you're thinking of anything in my line I'd be honored to have you meet my friend Vanderbillion—" etc., etc.

The wives of these men fall over one another getting up parties for him.

"Dear fellow! How he must long to see some nice girls and enjoy social life again. Er—did you say he has money? Oh, a writer! I simply adore writers. So subtle and—er—wonderful. I wonder if he could help Marjorie with her essays?"

And the GIRLS—Well, Joan, I can only remark that Mr. B. Shaw puts its mildly when he says it is the wom-



an who does the pursuing, not the man. Debutantes, ripe social blossoms, intellectual collegettes and wistful wallflowers all have their nets spread, and some are using the harpoon. My own methods are truly artistic by comparison.

It rouses my fighting instincts, Joan. Several times I have walked straight up to a buzzing galaxy of beauties and otherwise, and rescued him—just like that. (I could never have done it but for my goodlooking clothes. I drop this philosophic truth in passing:

Women dress for other women more than they do for men.)

The captain took his rescues quietly but gratefully, I thought. We went sailing, and I sent a paean of thanks to high heaven that I had learned about living on the shores of Lake Erie.

"I knew you could sail," he said, looking at me in his quietly-appraising way, with the half-smile. "I bet you can do a fast game of tennis, too, and swim."

I nodded briskly—and breathed a wireless prayer of gratitude to Randy Nixon back home, who taught me at the age of twelve to rival the fish in the sea. By saying little, I contrived to make Capt. Wallis think I have all the accomplishments on the calendar.

"How wonderful it is," he said, as if he were thinking aloud. "To be here, with all this—" he made a gesture that took in the land and sea, and sky and all the people of the earth,—"and YOU, doing so much for me." His gesture finally settled into a leaning of his whole body toward me. "You're splendid, you know."

"I didn't know," I laughed, though every fibre in me was thrilling because he thought me "splendid."

"Everybody is being nice to you," I went on. "You're a war-lion, you know."

"That's just it. If I hadn't the khaki and the leathers and those stripes on the sleeve would they do it?"

"Oh, I think they might," I grinned, considering. (Oh, Joanie, I try to be light and casual for fear of showing that I, too, am a prowl!) "I believe YOU might. You'd be good to a baldheaded man with a squint. You're different. And you haven't an ax to grind."

"Oh, haven't I thought?"

He looked at me in that quiet, searching way he has.

"Let's cut that afternoon tea thing of Mrs. Allen's. I'm tired being a war-lion. I want to be a fluffy doggie. Let's go to Sunset Point."

Do you wonder Joanie, dear, that I'm too excited to write more today? Soon though.

DOROTHY.

TEN YEARS BEHIND

The times—Does that strike you? Do you illuminate your home with poisonous gas? Don't get scared when we suggest wiring your house for electricity—we can show you in five minutes that the electric way is the most economical—we do house wiring in a masterly manner at a modest cost. Let us talk it over. Fairmont Battery Exchange, 225 Meredith street. Phone 1191-J.

Confessions of a Bride

Tiny Goff Says Farewell to His Love—And I Turn Back to Fight for Mine.

Startling episodes succeeded each other with the passing of the hours of that day. Each seemed tremendous to me, so emotional, so hysterical had I become. Even Tiny Goff took on a dramatic air as he loomed before mother and me in the darkened parlor where we greeted him. All the magnificent strength of the man, the spirit which made him a typical adventurer, was restrained and confined and seemed to make his great body tremble as it did his voice.

"I can't make out it's true, ma'am," he said, after I had introduced him to mother.

"Perhaps I had better let my daughter tell you—how it occurred," mother replied.

I trust I may never again be called upon to endure the agony of that ordeal, but I owed it to Mary, as girl to girl. When I had finished, mother came back to us and laid a tender hand upon Tiny's arm and led him to the curtains which concealed the casket in an alcove.

"You prefer to go in alone, I know," she said.

Then he passed through the archway, and I knew that he was glad, as I was, that he had "made it up" with his little girl, and that she was happy, to the very end, in the idea that his love for her would last forever.

"It was the only good she ever snatched from life. And it didn't come to her until the day before she died," I said to mother while we waited for Tiny to make his silent prayer above the dead.

I had still a great deal to say to him. I had not told him that the pearls had disappeared. But his face was so stern when he came back to us that it was impossible for me to speak of the silly jewels.

And yet those baubles persisted in creating tremendous excitement in the Lorimer household for another twenty-four hours. I had no active part in the events, however, for I was obliged to wear tiresome masquerade on the chance that I might meet my husband. And there was the risk that Certels might also notice me.

The blank bears, followed by a single mourner, passed from our sight late in the afternoon. As the sun went down, I watched with mother for the coming of the yacht. Before our